

ROGER

The West-Country Lad.

Set forth in his proper S H A P E S.

OR, THE

WEST-Country Lass's Sweet-heart Described, in Answer to the Well-shap'd Country Lass.

To the Tune of *Cavalilly Man.*

Licensed according to Order.



He hee, pray what shall I doe?
My Sweet-heart is gone I cannot tell how,
He's like to Old Nick, and give him his due,
And this is my Love, do you like him hee?

I'm sure he has got a goodly burnt Face,
He looks like to *Cann*, or one of his Race,
And a Halter would set him off with a good grace
And this is my Love, do you like him hee?

He has a fine Nose that is like to a Bottle,
But it bends somewhat downwards and covers
(his Throttle,
'Tis partly green colour'd, & partly 'tis mottle,
And this is my Love, &c.

His Teeth, like a Chequer, is all black & red,
And stands very handfomely in his Calves-head
Which makes me full often the thoughts of him
And this is my Love, &c. (dread,

His mouth it is narrow, being square a yard long
His breath it is scented, and that very strong,
It smells like a Turd when you stir in it long,
And this is my Love, &c.

The Hair of his Head its colour is red,
But it looks very gray having Nits in his Head,
And where there is Nits there is Lice it is said,
And this is my Love, &c.

I spies him by chance the last *Wednesday* Morn,
A Combing his Hair with a Comb made of Hean
And I think such a lousie Rogue never was born
And this is my Love, &c.

His Throat it is like the Ditch near to the
(Fleet,
But it is not so handsome, nor scarce so sweet,
And I'm sure he can swallow a Bushel of Wheat,
And this is my Love, &c.

His Body is Crooked more every day, (way,
And his Legs they are both of centur'di he wrong
Which makes him look wonderfull handsome
And this is my Love, &c. (and gay,

His Legs are small as the Post of a Mill,
I think it is true, believe it who will,
But his Arse I am sure a great Cauldron will fill,
And this is my Love, &c.

Last night in a nasty old Bed he Plag'd in,
His Feet in his Mouth all besitt to his Skin,
He look'd like a Monster and hereely did Gish,
And this is my Love, &c.

And now my good Neighbour I swear by my say
I'm afraid that some of you will steal him away
But I hope you'll return him again the next day
If you like not my dearest Love hee hee,

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The Vergins Advice

TO THE

Maids of L O N D O N.

To the Tune of, *Oh! that I were but young for you.*

Oft have I heard the Wives complain,
O that they were but Maids again,
Maids and they would marry with none,
For the Maid is the best that lies alone.

What is more *sweet* than to live free,
And to enjoy ones *Liberty*?
Therefore I will marry with none,
For the Maid is the best that lies alone.

Love is a torment in the breast,
And will not let a Maiden rest,
And the young men now so faithless are grown,
That the maid is the best that lies alone.

When we are Young they praise us all,
And their *Delights* and *Darlings* call;
And yet a Lover I will have none,
For the Maid, &c.

Why should I wear Young Cupid's Chain?
Why should I grieve and sigh in vain?
Now my heart I'm sure is my own,
And the Maid, &c.

Why should the Maidens marry then?
Only to please Fantastick men;
No one need to make any moan,
And the Maid, &c.

Which is most fine the *Rose* or *thorn*?
Or that which on some soft *Breast* is worn;

There the fragrant *sweetness* is gone,
And the Maid, &c.

In a sweet *harmless* single life,
There is no scolding noise or strife,
To which the Husbands ever were prone,
Therefore maids are the best, &c.

In lying alone there is no harm,
And our *maidenheads* sure can keep us warm,
Therefore Young Virgins keep what's your own
For the Maid, &c.

I do advise that you touch no man,
And you'll be a Maid do what they can,
And this I'll lay a hundred to one
That she's the best, &c.

Though men are fond, they're *fickle* still,
And every Jack must have his *Jill*,
Have a *Jill*, though none of his own,
Therefore Maids are the best, &c.

Cupid is but a *silly* Toy,
An idle Young blind fantastick Boy,
Therefore Lovers I will have none,
For the maid, &c.

Therefore Young Damsels learn of me,
For to live harmless and live free;
But as for Young men meddle with none,
For the Maid is the best that lies alone.